

A King. Aced, the Sun of Heaven, Whose coming own to earth Placed upon man the signet true Of his immortal birth.

The startit heavens in beauty shone As Christ, the child, appeared; And shepherds, garing on the scene, Belleid, adored and feared.

Brightest among the starry orbs, The star of Esthichem Shot forth its Tairest purest rays, As if to beckee them

To tarry not, but seek the spot Where in the manger lay The heavenly nobe, the one foretold. To be a King alway. Ave, Severeign of a world redeemed,

Of man from all made free, though humble, lowly as a babe, Yet still a Prince was He. One universal song should rise This Christmastide on high, When Christ to earth drew nigh,

Good Will to Men, and Peace on Earth, Bang the angelic choir. And through the centuries these words. Have falled not to inspire.

Their meaning sinking deep within The hearts of all mankind, From thence producing grand results, Which souls regether bind.

Good will to men the infant Christ Brought from His bume above; And this rich gift He freely gives Is filled with purest love.

The Christ-child and the risen Christ Should chalm our abbughts to-day, Through them there came the blessed hope Of immortality.

Ring foudly, then, ye Christman belle, Until the charmed air Shall vibrate with a melody
Whose muric all may share.

-J. M. Thompson, in Boston Hudget.



ERE I am, Uncle John, for your Christmas present." and the call man found himself imprisoned by a pair of warm arms, while a sweet young face was held upto his own.

as your ma did at your age. It was kind of you to give up city holidays and come into a country village in the dead of winter."

"Oh, I came to visit on, and you are not dead nor cold," laughed Jes-

me, merrily. A thrill of new life went through the old bachelor's heart. Then his

sister had not let her children know what a seifish old fellow he was, The large Kingsley family had angttered east and west, all except the eldert, John. When the town took in the old homestead he was able to start a bank in the village. The more be enlarged in his worldly possessions the more contracted became his heart. He lived in the old brick homestead alone, except for meetin and the hired man. He did not often vivit his relatives or ask them to visit bim, but Mary was a minister's wife and her husband bad lately been sent to one of the small churches in the large city near, and the lonely mus back to himself.

"I am arrale you will find this dark house very still," said the uncle. 'Oh, we'll throw up the shades and let in all the light, and Wisconsin has the brightest winter sunshine in the While 1 am here we will have in all of your old friends. My head is tired from studying, but my bands are all right, and I'll help cook and

"Nancy is a Tartar; you had better keep out of her kitchen," warned the uncle. "I do not dare give too many orders." But Jessie went in and conquered at oper. She always expected the very best of everyone, and in hunting for the rose side of every nature she, some way, got around the thorns without bringing

them to the surface. Uncle John could hardly believe he was in his own house when he saw it all open, warm and light, with finwers in th windows, and Nancy. looking kind instead of haughty and He heard such merry peals of laughter from the kitchen he ventured into those sucred precincts to help pop corn and erack hickory nute. Man is a dortestic animal, and the odor of frying doughnuts and the aight of the raising being stoned and rggs growing into snow white

form, bring up pleasant sensations. Jestie had a pleasunt way of going to meet her uncle, and it quickened his old heart to see the bright face under the red cap coming his way. After supper she brought his stippers and put the table near the glowing grate, for she incisted that there war nothing poetlenl in heat coming out of the fle , and then would sit down and talk. One evining she

"I hope you haven't made all of your Christmas plans. It would be such fun to help you make out your

"My what?" asked the uncle, in

"Why, the last of what you are going to do for Santa Claus. He probdy has exchanged his sleign for an automobile this year and will visit more people. Seriously, I oran, un-ele, it is hard to plan to make a lot for yourself, chick," he said to his of people happy on Christmas, you niece.

holy Christ-time an ordinary day. been enthusiastic.

"It is a thank-offering year, you know, and we must do more than usual. The children have been making scrap books and fixing up old toys for months, and I've knit mittens at night, and mamme earned five dollars for the poor." "How?" asked the uncle.

"Mollie wanted two weeks off, and mamma had that money. She has so much sewing and church work she couldn't stand it all alone, even with our help, but she said a little backsche for Christman was a pleasure She sent a warm dress to a preacher's wife out west. Sapa were patched flannels and sent five dollars to India for an extra dinner among some famine orphans. Of course, there are some poor people for us to have for dinner, or we send it. How many family tomers have you on your list, uncle, dear?"

"Nancy attends to the dirners ber-

"Oh, can I help her and order what I want at the grozery? I suppose in a town size this there are many who look to you for their Christmas turkey," said Jessie, brightly. "Do as you think best," naswered

the uncle, with that inward pang Christmas angels, consented, some people have when pe ring with

candy and popears balls. He even fell to stoning raisine for the plum pudding and was rewarded by a piece of Nancy's "sample pie." "You haven't asked for anything !

Tears came to the young girl's He did not know, for he had not eyes. "It is enough to have such a tried it. He has look ago made the kind, generous upole," she answered. "And, uncle, I don't believe people Jessie went right on as if he had understand how noble-hearted you

> Evidently not, for that evening the banker had overheard one of his cierks say, "This is the first time we bave gotten what we did not slave for, Is he going crazy?" and Nancy had remarked to Jake, in tones overheard in the next room: "He won't be long with us. Folks often change in nature fore they're struck with death."
>
> Still newer once too often is the hissest story told.
>
> And never once too often do we talk of that strange night.

> death."
>
> In the morning Uncle John found a pair of mittens at his plate from Nancy and several pretty but useful things, the handlwork of his niece. Nancy was radiant over the new wool dress and Jake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with a several processes and lake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with the several processes and lake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with the several processes and lake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with the several processes and lake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with the several processes and lake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with several processes and lake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with several processes and lake grinning over a two-dollar bill, while Jessie danced with several processes and Jessie danced with several processes and Jessie southward flight:
>
> Never our thought grows weary tracing the ancred way.
>
> For He whom with man district the manager where Mary's both in the manager was a state of the manager with joy over a pretty gold pin set in pearls, having few ornaments dear Wherever watching mothers pray for their

thought they were in paradise. The third minister's wife forgot her worself," answered Uncie John, a little ries and let Jessie fill her children with cake and candy almost beyond the rescuing power of any remedy. After dinner the banker called Nancy aside and asked if the widow and her children could stay until she hired, and Nancy, overshadowed by

If you have never devoured a man's best viands in a powerful frame of "And can I help invite the guests, mind you do not know how the min-



"IT WOULD BE SUCH FUN POR YOU TO MAKE OUT YOUR LIST."

for our own home dinner? The min- | later felt. He had for a long time beter's wife does her own work, so been trying to get up his courage to of course we want them and the talk to his richest and stinglest memdear children; and I met the sweet-s ber about starting the new church the presence of a faithful old do cat little women on the train with building, and, with the aid of the two levely children. Her hus- Christman angels, the minister seband died a year ago, and cured a promise that the rich man berself, and no one cared enough for she flads she cannot stand would bear half the expense of the the lonely old spinster to even give her sewing in a shop to support new building and think about the good wishes. them, so abe has come to her girl new organ. bood home to see what she can do the eister determined to try to win here. I saw her yesterday, and I the house was still. If he had had wormed out of her that she was liv-

ing in two rooms and hadn't gotten have heard the Christmas angels anything to do." "That is, or used to be, Mattle Clark. Her father did not save his money, you are." "So you will help his poor daughter," spoke up Jessie. "Thank you; and toward God and man. But you are Nancy said she'd admire to get dinner for her preacher and his folks "Namey to the best church mem-

ber in the family. But what more do you want for Christmas? Do you think I have a Fortunatus purse?" any pocketbook; so I given you might give me five dollars to get presents for these five children, Jake the blessedness of giving."-X. W. said he could find me a little tree Christian Advocate. out in the woods, and we'll be all right, I suppose you'll get Nancy a dresst I saw a warm pretty brown one downtown yesterday.

Juke ?" "I always give Nancy a dollar, but Jake doesn't earn more than his

"He has a sick mother; but you; know that, of course, you dear old fellow. You look sick yourself, and I'm going to bed and let you rest," said Jessie, dropping a kies on the

hald spot on her uncle's head. "I can stand it once," be grouped when he was slone, but before the week was out he began to feel the) "more blessedness," and surprised himself by going around whistling like a box and handing out nickels to school children, winding up with giving each of his bank employes a check Christmas eve. Not satisfied, he sent oranges to the Sunday school tree and to his sister Mary ten dol-

He smiled with real pleasure when he saw the five heavy backets dake Was to take around Christmas eve. want, leady. I jun called t are could He hung around, living over boy- youse darn me stockin' so I cod hang hood memories, while Kuncy stuffed is up for Christmas.—Chicago Daily the big turkey and Jessie made News.

That night the man sat alone after a keeper sense of hearing he would ney living her nephew and only living singing a song of thanksgiving near him, but he only heard his own soul speaking in the night: "John Kingsley, there has been a mistake. You have been thought seifish and cold fond of folks and of doing good with your money-the real John, I mean The old, lonely, seifish man is dead. John. I am going, with God's belp. to make myself a present of a noble, generous soul!"

In her happy girthood sleep Jessie "No: but a big heart lengthens was smiling as if she heard the Christmas angels rejoicing, saying: "Illessed are they who show souls

ONLY THIS.



Mrs. Jiggs-I'm sorry, my man, but can't give you anything to-day. Drowsy Dunton-Dut ain't wat I

he Gift -

And yet once more we tril it; all eagerly

to a girl's heart.

The dinner was a great success and the little widow and her children.

Defended in the manger two thousand.

Defenseless in the honoger
years ago;
Sweeter earth's bables slumber since that
dear head tay low,
Unharmed beside the eattle, watched by
the angel throng.
While heavenly hosts were singing the first glad Christmas song.

sin abides. Whatever be our angulah, whatever was could find work, if extra help were The darkness would be deeper, pain harder to be borne, If Heaven had forgotten to send that Christmas morn!

> Once more, then, let us read it, the Christmas story dear, And yet once more repeat it that other hearts may hear.
> The years hasts into centuries, the centuries grow old.
> Tet once again hearts hunger to have the story told.
> Tell the dear little children about that

> woodrous night
> When watching shepherds witnessed the
> angels' sarthward flight.
> Lead feet that long have wandered, into
> the better way
> That leads them to the manger where

Many's baby lay.

For He whom wise men worshiped brought gifts of peace for atrile.

And Christ was born from Heaven that mortals night have life.

-Ade Melville Shaw, in Union Signal.



days, and as her sharp blue eyes roved over the familiar room, a strange feeling of desointion stole over her. In vain she reheretotore given her satisfaction; she was the richest woman in Dalesburg. her house was the largest and most imposing, her clothes the finest and most fashiounble and vet-

She got up impatiently and, going over to the window, pressed her face against the paus and looked out into the December dusk. Muffled figures hastened past, carrying bundles of all shapes and sizes, for it was Christman eve: the sight sent queer little thrills over Miss Cynthia and a great load seemed to settle on her heart. She had no one to buy gifts for, she told

It had not always been thus. She recalled the many, many happy Decembers she had enjoyed when Sidrelative, had lived in her hoose. She had taken him to live with her when he was a small buy, and her love for him had grown into a mild idelatry by the time he had become a man. Sldney returned her offertion with all til he wanted to marry Edith Blake. Misa Cynthia had other plans for Sidney, and refused to even discuss Edith with him, but Shiney was very much in love and cared not a farthing that Edith was poor and a sort of upper servant in his aunt's house. Edith was a peace-loving girl who found the altnation almost more than she could bear, for Miss Cynthia had taken her when an orphan, alx years before, and had been like a mother to her ever since. Edith loved Miss Cynthin dearly, but loved Sidney more, and one December day she went away with him and was married.

Miss Cynthia did not rave or alorm: she simply ignored the existence of the youthful pair, and Sidney, reared in luxury, had to go to work at anything he could find to do. He had never even tried to support himself and now he had Edith to love and cherish-and support in addition.

Miss Cynthia charged into a cold, hard woman, and was filled with bitterpesa when her oldest friends openly sided with Sidney and Edith. The latter took a small house, not a great distance from Miss Cynthia's, were happy but very pour. Sidney after many discouragements assessed ed in obtaining a situation to a large when he's gone," sant the boy. factory an assistant bookkeeper, but the work was hard and the pay piti- asked the noman quickly. fully small.

plate-glass windows and saw Sidney washes our riothes, and irona 'em, and trudging past day after day to his work, and her heart hardened, for ap- the boy, joyously, while Jean smiled Christmas comes! parently he never glanced at his old approxis.

Mina Cynthia and drew and Mina Cynthia and ample appearant to her arms, while Jean hitched worn his face had grown and how woman's knees.

shabby his clothes were as time west

It was six years now since Sidney's marriage, and Cynthia had not releated nor had Bidney saked sid, although there were two little children, and Edith was nearly blind with an affliction of the eyes.

Miss Cynthia's heart yearned for those children, and whenever she passed a group of neighborhood little onez, her sharp eyes peared into each amail face trying to discern which were the liruce children, but she had never felt sure of their identity. Her heart was unusually tender on this Christmas eve, and for the first time she wondered if she had not been too hard upon Sidney and Edith. She had missed Edith's willing service many times in the past few years, and there had been no one to take her place in Miss Cynthin's household. strained her eyes into the guthering darkness to see Sidney pass on his meward way, but it was impossible to distinguish him in the hurrying throng. It was snowing a little now, and it was some time before Miss Cynthis noticed two little figures going along the sidewalk, hand in hand, laughing and shouting with gies. The fence in front of Miss Cynthia's yard was an iron one with the bars set some distance apart, and the children panned and pressed their faces be-tween the pickets, gazing into the lighted house.

The room in which Miss Cypthia stood was still in darkness, and she could see them quite plainly but remained herself unseen. The children whispered together, then with hesitating steps came forward toward the gate and opened it with some difficulty. Slowly they came up the walk to the house and gave the bell a tremendous fully. pull. Miss Cynthin went to the door

"I'll tell you some'ting," she said, nofily; "Lo-morrow's Christman." Miss Cynthia's smile was so loving, her best friend would scarcely have

recognized her. "Is it, dear; will Sonta Claus go to your house?" she asked, gently. "Not this year. Pather says he can't

come every year to our house, 'cause we mustn't be selfish. Some little children zever had a Santa Claus come," said the boy, his eyes shining with sympathy for the Santa Clausiess children he spoke of. A great receive was forming in Miss. Cynthia's beart. She would take these children to their home, and then send

them such a Christmas as they wou never forget. She could not do it for Sidney's children, but here were two little waifs who could take their place, Hastily she donned her hat and seal She skin cost, and taking a hand of each wondering child, went out into the "Now, children, take me to your

home, and when I have explained your absence to your Mary, I'll hunt up Sub-ta Claus and send him around to your bouse," she said, as they west down

The boy pulled her along the snowy street, talking so supidly all the time clasped the trushts in her arms.

Miss Cypthia was about to explain,



"NOW CHILDREN TAKE ME TO YOUR HOME."

for it was seldom children came to the | Sidney Bruce stood there, staring in solemn old house. When the heavy amazement. door awang open, the children almost fell into the hall, as they had been Miss Cynthia turned, and all the leaning against it, wiping the anow hardness of years melled from her from their little shors.

"What do you want, children?" asked Miss Cynthia, assisting them to regain their balance and closing the enough door behind them.

They looked at each other timidly, their eyes growing large and solemp. The smaller, a little girt, put one fat fluger in her mouth and looked up at Miss Cynthia searchingly.

"We have run away, and we tiked this pretty big house, and I told also ter we'd come and see who lived here," said the boy, boldly.

"Run away!" repeated Miss Cynthia, the strength of his laving heart un- in shocked surprise; "that was very, very naughty; can't you tell me where "It's just 'round some corners, and

we ain't afraid, are we, Jean?" demanded the boy. Jean shook her head and reated herself in a small chair that stood in the

hall, with great calmness and delibera-"I like your house!" said the boy, thoughtfully; "it's got soft floors, and feels like you was walking on pillows," stepping around on the ricu

curpet with evident enjoyment. "Haven't you any carpet on your floors?" asked Miss Cynthia, ten-

"No, only in two rooms, mamma's and the sitting-room. We used to have, but papa had them sent away, and asked us not to tell dear mamma, came she might cry." answered the boy, looking into Miss Cypthia's face, gravely.

"Is your mamma slok?" asked Miss Cynthia. "Yes, she's swfol slek, and has to man?

stay in a dark room all the time. She never laughs 'erpt when pape's there; once not to tell him that she mosts "And who cares for you and Jean?" stockin's, and gloves, and collars and

"Just Mary; she washes the dishes Miss Cynthia watched from her and cooks our dinners and errobs, and -ob, yes-plays with us," answered

"Aunt Cynthial" he gasped. heart. "My own boy!" she murmured, laying her hand on his arm, and gazing

into his face as if she could not guan "What does it mean?" the poor fellow said, as he noticed the children run

forward and cling to her skirts. She told him all, and he listened wonderingly until she unished, when he TALMAGE HOUSE DRUG STORE. drew each amuli figure to his breast and kissed them, with tears in his

"Let me go now to Edith, while you get the children ready, and then we shall go home. Dun't refuse me, 8idney; I know I don't deserve your fur-giveness, but I'm getting old and I need you all-every one," Miss Cynthia pleaded, tremulously.

Sidney pointed to the door of Edith's som, and Miss Cynthia entered. What No. 26 Leuves. 5-20 a.m. the two wamen said will never be No. 24 Leaven drove up and the Bruce family entered No. 104 (Local). and were driven home.

Miss Cynthia never did things by halves, and that Christmas was one of joy, not only to her own family, but to No. 29 Leaves many others, for happiness opened the way to all her treasures, and Miss No. 29 Arrivon Cynthia opened her heart and hand and gave laxishly to the poor.

The children found that Santa Claus No. 25 Arrives. knew the way to Aunt Cynthia's, and No, 160 (Local). 330 p. 10. that was sufficient for them. They did | EAST BOUND AT. MOST CENTRES. words, "A little child shall lead them." No. 49 Arrives -Ohio Farmer.

unty Two Realities. Billy So yer didn't git nothin' but No. 114, Mail and Express, a jack-knife and a sled for Christ-

Tommy-Yes. Dat's all I got worth speaking of. Dere was a suit us then she acts to happy, and told us ciothes, and a overcoat, and a hat or No. 153, Freight and Actwo, and some underclothes, and a Bible, and a book av poeus, an some cuffs, and a few other triffes like dat, not worth speaking of.-Puck.

> Wearing on Him. Tommy-I shall be as glad when

Nellin-I suppose you think you're Miss Crathia shuddered, and drew going to have a lot of nice things? Tomony-it isn't that so much, It's tunity to scale how this and care- her chair closer and leaned against the award hard to be good all the time,-Bouton Transcript.

Fifty Years the Standard



Mighest Booors World's Fair, Mehost tests U.S. Gov't Chomists

Praise for Miss Parkinson.

Miss Elicabeth Parkinson, the of what he wanted Santa Claus to young American sources from Kan-bring that Miss Cynthia did not notice use City, and the favorite pupil of which way they were going until they stopped before a small house on a dark street. Around the side of the debut at the Opera Commune this cottage the trio west, and the boy week in "Lakme" with success, has opened a door noisily into a poorly-furnished dining-room. At the sound, proved that her voice is one of the a young Irish girl rushed in and greatest purity so the higher notes, "Oh, you neighty ones! Mary's been so worried, and the poor mother familiarity with the stage and mherzilf's been cryin'," abe said, tear- cressed volume and color in the lower vocal range, securing greater with a pleased sense of anticipation, when the door behind her opened, and dramatic interesty and alimne, the seems destined to become a great favorite with the Parisian musical public. Figure welcomes Miss Elizabete Parkamon as an excallent recruit for the Opera Commune.

> Mass Parkinson is the slangiture of Judge Parkinson, a few years ago a leading Democratic politicism of this part of Missouri. She is wellknown to quite a number of our citizens who will be glad to hear of her success.

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